



THE NEW HAT—Painted in Oils Especially for
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Was Cain, the First Murderer, Forgiven and Not Cursed?



England's Greatest Anthropologist Asserts That Jehovah Only Meant to Protect Abel's Slayer from His Brother's Ghost and Reverses the Accepted Interpretation of Many Bible Stories

SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER, author of "The Golden Bough," and the most noted anthropologist in Great Britain, has now published a brilliant and controversial work in which he explains many famous Bible stories in the light of modern folklore study.

The distinguished scientist shows that the most striking Bible narratives, such as the story of man's fall, are susceptible of an entirely different explanation from the usually accepted one, when they are considered in connection with our present knowledge of folklore and ancient myths and customs. His studies on this subject are contained in a great three-volume work, "Folklore in the Old Testament," published by Macmillan & Co.

According to Sir James Frazer, we have formed a very imperfect idea of what happened in the Garden of Eden, when Adam and Eve partook of the apple. The "tree of the knowledge of good and evil" occupies the centre of the stage, but, Frazer tells us, "when we look closer, we perceive a second tree standing side by side with the other in the midst of the garden. It is a very remarkable tree, for it is no less than the tree of life whose fruit confers immortality on all who eat of it. Yet in the actual story of the fall this wonderful tree plays no part. Its fruit hangs there on the boughs ready to be plucked, unlike the tree of knowledge, it is hedged about by no divine prohibition, yet no one thinks it worth while to taste of the luscious fruit and live forever. The eyes of the actors are all turned on the tree of knowledge; they appear not to see the tree of life. Only when all is over does God bestir himself of the wondrous tree standing there, neglected, with all its infinite possibilities, in the midst of the garden, and fearing lest man, who has become like Him in knowledge by eating of the one tree, should become like Him in immortality by eating of the other. He drives him from the garden and sets an angelic squadron, with flaming swords, to guard the approach to the tree of life, that none henceforth may eat of its magic fruit and live forever."

In support of his statement that there was a "tree of life" as well as a "tree of knowledge," Frazer cites Genesis, Chapter iii, 22 to 24. He then argues that the "tree of life" must have played a more important role in an earlier version, than the "tree of knowledge" was really the "tree of death" and that God intended man to eat of the "tree of life" when he told him he could eat of every tree but one. The original story was composed to explain how death came among mankind. The name of "the tree of death" has been changed into "tree of life" in order that he might keep "the tree of life" for himself.

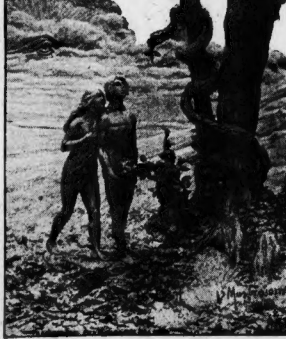
Frazer quotes the myths of the Phoenicians and many ancient peoples to show that they attributed extraordinary wisdom and longevity to the serpent.

Then the author makes the remarkable discovery that the brand set upon Cain was not a disgrace, but perhaps a form of protection or a tribal distinction. When Cain was driven out of society for murdering his brother Abel, the Bible tells us God "set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him." Some writers think that this mark was some badge used by fighting tribes indicating that he belonged to a community that would avenge his murder. Among the fierce Bedouins today one of the chief tribal badges is a way of wearing the hair.

Frazer, however, believes that Jehovah was really kindly disposed toward Cain—"this Smith," as the author tells us. Cain was probably protected by the mark set upon him from his victim's ghost, not branded with a sign of frightfulness and shame, the former according better with the primitive estimate of a murderer's status in society. The usual interpretation that he affirmed the mark to save him from human assassins is unreasonable, because there was nobody to assail him, since the earth was "inhabited only by the murderer himself and his parents."

Frazer tells us that the story of the finding of Moses in the bulrushes and his raising of the one tree, should become like him in immortality by eating of the other. He drives him from the garden and sets an angelic squadron, with flaming swords, to guard the approach to the tree of life, that none henceforth may eat of its magic fruit and live forever."

The serpent persuaded Eve to partake of "the tree of death" in order that he might keep "the tree of life" for himself.



The "Tree of Knowledge" Was Really the "Tree of Death," According to Frazer, and the Serpent Persuaded Our Parents to Eat Its Fruit in Order to Keep "the Tree of Life" for Himself.

given a very different interpretation by Frazer from the ordinary one. Jacob bought his older brother Esau's birthright from him when the latter was famished and much in need of a mess of red pottage. Then, in order to clutch the bargain by obtaining his father's blessing, Jacob had himself swathed in kid's skins, and cheated the blind old man into thinking that he was the hairy Esau.

Most people think that Jacob's conduct was very disreputable, but Frazer explains that there was in early times a widespread law that the youngest son and not the eldest, should inherit. A legend dating from the primitive time when this custom prevailed was the basis of the Jacob and Esau story, and the younger patriarch should not be too severely criticized.

The law of inheritance by the youngest born, called ultimogeniture, is connected with the "right of the first night," which prevailed extensively in the Middle Ages, but had its origin in the prehistoric past.

Many readers have wondered why the builders of the Tower of Babel should have been suddenly stricken with a diversity of tongues and why our different languages should have arisen in that peculiar manner. Frazer explains that the tower was really one of the great temples of Babylon, of which two exist to this day in ruins.

He traces the Biblical story to the deep impression produced by the great city of Babylon on the simple minds of Semitic nomads, who, fresh from the solitude and silence of the desert, were bewildered by the hubbub of the streets and bazaars, dazzled by the kaleidoscope of color in the bustling crowd, stunned by the din of voices jabbering in strange, unknown tongues, and overawed by the height of the buildings, above all by the prodigious altitude of the temples towering up, terrace upon terrace, till their glittering tops of enamelled brick seemed to touch the sky. No wonder that dwellers in tents should imagine that they who scaled the pinnacle of such a stupendous pile by the long winding ramp and appeared at last like moving specks on the summit must indeed be near the gods.

Frazer holds that the mighty Sennacherib was really a very disreputable character. The author admits, by the way, that he must have been a real character for the Bible story is too full of exact details about his life to be fiction. It is significant, however, that there are many ancient folk tales of strong men who were beguiled by sirens and lost their strength when their hair was cut.

Sennacherib, the learned author points out, judged Israel for twenty years, but of his judgments not one is recorded, and if the tone of his pronouncements can be inferred from the nature of his acts, we may be allowed to doubt whether he particularly adorned the bench of justice.

"His talent," says Frazer, "would seem to have lain rather in the direction of bravado and fighting, burning down people's corn-ricks and beating up the quarrelers of loose women; in short, he appears to have shone in the character of a libertine and a rake-hell rather than in a strictly judicial capacity."

"Instead of a dull list of his legal decisions we are treated to an amusing, if not very edifying, narrative of his adventures in love and war, or rather in filibustering; for if we accept, as we are bound to do, the Scriptural account of this roystering swashbuckler, he never led a regular war or headed a national insurrection against the Philistines, the oppressors of his people; he merely sallied forth from time to time as a solitary gendarme or knight-errant and mowed them down with the jawbone of an ass or any other equally serviceable weapon that came to his hand."

"And even on these predatory expeditions (for he had no scruple about referring his victims of their clothes and probably of their purses) the idea of delivering his nation from servitude was to all appearance the last thing that would have occurred to him."

"If he massacred the Philistines, as he certainly did in great profusion and with hearty good-will, it was from no high motive of patriotism or policy, but purely from a personal grudge which he bore them for the wrong which they had done to himself, to his wife and to his father-in-law. From first to last his story is that of an utterly selfish and unscrupulous adventurer, swayed by gusts of fitful passion and indifferent to everything but the gratification of his mandatory whims."

"It is only redeemed from the staidness and vulgarity of commonplace raceably by the elements of supernatural strength, headlong valor and a certain grim humor, which together elevate it into a sort of burlesque epic after the manner of Ariosto."



Frazer Argues That Samson Was a Most Disreputable Ruffian, and That While He Was a Hero to Some Hebrews, Delilah Must Have Been a Glorious Heroine and National Deliverer to the Philistines. From the Painting by Solomon J. Solomon.

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Sorrowful End of Alice Drexel's Runaway Romance

Abandoned by Her Husband When His Love Grew Cold, Left Penniless in a Foreign Land on the Eve of Her

Baby's Birth—
Was There Ever
a More Dismal
Ending for an
Heiress's
Honeymoon?



The Newport Home of the Drexels, Where Mrs. John R. Drexel Has Been Entertaining Lavishly. Little Dreaming That Her Daughter Was Face to Face With Actual Poverty and Suffering.



THE first elopement on record in which the bride-to-be ran the whole affair—driving away from home in her own car, picking up her waiting lover from his hiding place in a city park and whisking him off to be secretly wedded by a suburban parson—has ended in the most dismal kind of unhappiness, poverty and actual suffering for the wife and her young baby.

Miss Alice Drexel, daughter of the very rich and fashionable John R. Drexels, of New York, Newport, Philadelphia, London and Paris, was the dashing heiress who gave surprising proof of woman's new equality with man by managing her own elopement with Captain William Barrett, an American air veteran of the war with Germany.

And to-day, before society has hardly recovered from its astonishment at her surprising runaway marriage, young Mrs. Barrett is a heart-broken, disillusioned woman—heartlessly abandoned by her husband when his love grew cold; left practically penniless among strangers in a foreign land on the eve of her baby's birth; and now, living on the money she formerly scorned for love, anxiously awaiting news of her family's forgiveness for what turns out to have been a most ill-advised adventure in matrimony.

It is not for forgiveness of all her family for which she watches the mails and cables with fearful eyes, for her father long ago forgave her impetuous, penniless elopement. But her mother, the proud Mrs. John R. Drexel, has never been able to pardon her high-spirited daughter for upsetting all her fondest hopes and making a marriage which she has always insisted could end only in unhappiness.

Now that it has ended so much more disastrously than even Mrs. Drexel feared, will the mother relent and open her heart once more to her prodigal daughter? On this absorbing question opinion is divided in society at Newport. "Where Mrs. Drexel has been entertaining of late with unusual brilliancy, perhaps trying to find solace in the gay social whirl for her bitter disappointment over Alice's unsatisfactory marriage."

According to close friends, poor Alice Drexel Barrett is coming home—perhaps, however, probably not to Newport. John Drexel, with unusual determination, has taken the matter in his own hands and sent one of his secretaries to France to try to bring back his sorrowing daughter and her baby.

It is not given to many young girls, born and reared in the deepest softness and luxury to run the gamut of human suffering as Alice Drexel has done in the short space of what should have been the most joyous season of a woman's life. Into one short year has been thrust more tragedy than falls to the lot of the average woman in a whole lifetime.

The peculiar environment in which Alice Drexel had lived all her life forced her, gossip says, to meet in secret the man she finally married, to elope with him in saddle bags and to slip away to Europe with only her jewels and clothes and what pocket money she had left of her yearly allowance. Before the voyage across the Atlantic was ended her woman's soul must have sensed the fact that she had seriously misjudged the devotion of the man for whom she had dared the disapproval of her parents.

Not long after reaching Europe she was awake to the appalling realization that

with every passing day whatever love her husband had had for her was growing colder and colder. Was there ever a more sorrowful awakening for a bride at the very start of her honeymoon? And then, almost on the eve of her baby's birth, her husband abandoned her, leaving the young wife ill and weak, with only strangers on whom to rely in her hours of trial.

Her jewels and even some of her clothes were sold or pawned to secure money to pay for the meager food and lodging she could afford for herself. This would not have been necessary had she written to her father of her dire need, for John Drexel's love for his only daughter is far greater than his pride. But Alice was too proud to make this appeal. The final touch of pathos is added to this real-life melodrama by the fact that while Alice was lacking all the comforts an expectant mother should have—in actual suffering—her mother, Mrs. Drexel, was taking a leading part in relief work for the suffering women and children of Armenia and Poland.

Mrs. Drexel is a generous-hearted woman, her pocket-book is ever open to appeals from the Salvation Army, the Red Cross and other philanthropic organizations. But her daughter's runaway marriage had cut her aside for its very quick, and so her heart was closed to her.

There is this to be said for the mother. Not for one moment did she realize her daughter's condition. Poverty is a contagious condition. What is riches to many, spells poverty to others. Alice might have been living on five or ten thousand dollars a year and been considered poor by her mother and her friends. Not for one moment did the mother realize that Alice was at times when they have money, and even more wiles took careworn. No suspicion of the real facts ever entered Mrs. Drexel's mind until letters began coming telling of Alice's open avoidance of her friends and acquaintances. "She seems to be hiding," wrote one woman.

By this time John Drexel took alarm and sent a trusted representative to France to



Mrs. John R. Drexel, Who Has Yet to Forgive Her Daughter for Running Away and Marrying a Poor, Socially Unknown Ex-Army Captain.

look into his daughter's affairs. This messenger had great difficulty in locating the unhappy young woman, and when he finally succeeded he found her deserted by her husband and just about to enter a public hospital. Could any one, knowing the Drexel wealth and social standing, believe that a Drexel grandchild would just miss being born in the charity ward of a public hospital? But such was the case, as Mr. and Mrs. Drexel learned to their horror.

Arrangements were speedily made to have Mrs. Barrett taken to a private nursing home somewhere in Normandy, although the exact whereabouts were kept a secret. And there, with no husband to comfort her, with no relative or near friend to help her endure her ordeal, Alice Barrett's baby came into the world.

Again the apparent neglect of her needs some explanation. Neither of her parents knew of her condition until too late to do the things they doubtless would have done. She had hidden herself away with her sorrow so completely that no one who knew her well was aware of the true

state of affairs. When the Drexel secretary finally located her it was too late for any member of her family to reach her and she went through woman's greatest ordeal alone. Since she was found she has had every physical comfort, however, that money could buy, for John Drexel gave his aide full authority to spend all that was necessary to provide for his daughter.

One report from Paris is that the young wife made a pitifully small fortune for her baby all herself and sewed bitter tears into every stitch. She prepared for her baby's coming with no expectation that help would come in time, if at all.

And what of Captain Barrett, if he may still be given so honorable a title—the man whose gallant war record contrasts so strangely with the tragedy in which his marriage has ended?

When the Drexels were informed of their daughter's marriage to an utter stranger to them they spent thousands of dollars looking up his background. It was generally understood that they hoped to find cause for setting the marriage aside. In Washington Mrs. Drexel discovered that her new son-in-law was the son of

a worthy man who had held a job in the Post Office until his death. She also found that Barrett had been married previously in 1915; that he had no money and no apparent profession or other means of livelihood.

The marriage performed in New Rochelle, N. Y., was perfectly legal although unconventional. Alice had met Captain Barrett through the Princess Rospietski and, following their first meeting, the young people had met frequently far from mother's watchful eye.

With the tragic ending of her romance, a burning question must be troubling Mrs. Barrett. Would her year of married life have ended differently if her mother had been more sympathetic?

One of the greatest mysteries to the "Drexels' friends, from the time that Alice came out, was Mrs. Drexel's frank effort to keep her daughter from marrying. To tell the truth, she had kept Alice in the schoolroom a year longer than is usual and then sent her abroad for a year or two when the other girls of her set were having their coming-out parties.

Alice was well over twenty when Mrs. Drexel finally capitulated and brought her home to make her debut. She then did the thing very well, the opening ball was most brilliant and a round of smaller parties in New York and Philadelphia completed the season.

The next step for any fashionable mother lies in securing a suitable husband for her daughter. Mrs. Drexel not only failed to take this important step, but interferred continually with such romances as came Alice's way.

There were at least four worthwhile suitors who paid court to the Drexel heiress, or attempted to. But Alice was whisked away from one and all, and even sent to Europe to evade the most persistent.

Mrs. William Barrett, the Sadly Disillusioned Heroine of the Surprising Elopement Which She Managed All by Herself.

When, therefore, Alice met William Barrett and came to believe that they were in love with each other, she decided to take matters into her own hands. She explained to the captain that she had no income of her own aside from her allowance. But Barrett insisted that he wanted her, not her money. With that avowal made it was easy to persuade her to elope.

Taking all the clothes she could pack in several suit cases and a week-end trunk, and her jewel box, Alice on the sixth of June last year motored in her own car out to Bronx Park, met Barrett and was married to him.

The bride and bridesroom returned to New York and informed the Drexels of their marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Drexel were frantic—they were "surprised and shocked," to quote their first words—and summoned the bridal pair to them at once. This meeting was explained by Barrett as a love feast that meant complete forgiveness.

A few days after this historic meeting the Barretts sailed for France, the impression being that John Drexel had bought their passage and given them a check beside.

Whatever money the Barretts had soon melted away and, as the months passed, they sank deeper and deeper into poverty. There can be no doubt that the young people in the beginning had banked on forgiveness and a settled income. As their hopes faded, Barrett gradually neglected her entirely. Then the day came when he left her to face the future, penniless and alone.

New York and Newport will not count on Alice's return to the society to which she was born until she actually arrives in this country. Among her friends are several who say that she has too much pride to come home and really does not intend to continue "living abroad if her father will arrange financial matters. Time alone can tell what will be the future of the young bride and mother whose romance has ended as tragically as any in the melodrama ever did.



Captain William Barrett, the Hero of the Runaway Romance and the Unbecoming Figure in the Events Which Followed.

Mystery of the Poison Guest at Wealthy Mrs. Case's Party

Who Is the New "Typhoid Mary" Who Haunted This Fashionable Society Function Like an Angel of Death, Scattering the Disease Germs That Made Thirty-Nine Women Seriously Ill and Have Already Killed Two Victims?



"Some one among those whom Mrs. Case welcomed so cordially was the 'poison guest'—a carrier of deadly disease germs whose presence was a menace to the lives of her hostess and the other women. It was as if she had displayed beneath her stylish but sinister features of a death's head, its bony lips grinning horribly over the havoc she was to cause. But there was no means of knowing that the 'poison guest' was a living menace; she looked and probably felt as the best of health."

WHO was the "poison guest" who spread disease and death at the luncheon party given by Mrs. George S. Case, the wealthy and fashionable Cleveland, Ohio, society leader? Who was it that scattered broadcast at this smart function the germs which quickly made thirty-nine of those present seriously ill and has already sent two of the women to an untimely grave? Who was it among all those whom Mrs. Case welcomed so cordially who might well have shown beneath her stylish but sinister features of a death's head, grinning horribly at the havoc she was about to cause?

These are questions which Cleveland's most exclusive society and the city's medical profession as well as anxious to have answered. Until they are answered—until the "poison guest" is identified and placed where she can do no further harm—people in the smart set will be taking their lives in their hands every time they accept invitations to dance, dinner, luncheon or reception. For if the mysterious "poison guest" is among those present the function is likely to be followed by results as disastrous as those which overtook Mrs. Case and her guests.

It is virtually certain that the "poison guest" who wrought such havoc at the recent luncheon is a disease carrier fully as dangerous as the famous "Typhoid Mary." Very probably she looks and feels in the best of health. Undoubtedly she is wholly unconscious of the fact that she is a living menace to everybody with whom she comes in contact—that a touch of her hand may prove fatal and that her presence at a dance or dinner party may be the means of infecting everyone else in the room with paratyphoid or the still more serious form of typhoid fever.

These are the reasons why the running down of the "poison guest" is such a difficult matter and why Cleveland society cannot breathe easy while she is at large—according to "The Plain Dealer," all sorts of smart affairs and doubtless entertaining extensively in her own home.

The floral decorat as were elaborate; famous orchestra played behind a screen of palms; the appetizing luncheon was served most attractively by a celebrated caterer; the menu including chicken salad, New York steak, cream cheese sandwiches and coffee. It was a most pleasant affair, this party, at which, as it later developed, the angel of death was stalking about in the guise of a "poison guest."

While everybody was still talking about the remarkable success of Mrs. Case's luncheon the telephones in the homes of Cleveland society began to buzz with evil tidings. All of a sudden there was a great deal of illness—more than there had been in these circles even during the great influenza epidemic.

"Have you heard that Mrs. George Case is quite ill?" one society matron would telephone to another.

"No, my dear, but they tell me that Emily Glidden and Mrs. R. F. Richardson are in bed with trained nurses in attendance on them night and day. Really, they say poor Mrs. Richardson's condition is quite serious—that she may not live."

"I'm shocked to hear it. Why, I saw them both at Mrs. Case's luncheon, and they seemed in the best of health."

And so it went. Within forty-eight hours, Mrs. Case, the hostess, and thirty-seven of the guests who had enjoyed her hospitality on the afternoon of June 25 were stricken. All were under medical care either at home or in a hospital, and the condition of several was such as to cause grave alarm.

The list of patients was a notable one. Leading like a page from the Social Register of the Ohio metropolis. Included in it was one of the most charming debutantes of recent seasons—Miss Catherine Hall, who for several weeks was at death's door, and who is not yet fully recovered.

Other notable names among those stricken were Miss Emily Glidden, daughter of the millionaire varnish manufacturer; Mrs. Walter S. Adams; Mrs. H. Stanley Brown; Mrs. John Woods; Mrs. J. L. Jennings; Mrs. C. C. O. H. H. Mrs. P. M. Ray and Miss Judith Ranney.

At first there was considerable doubt as to the exact nature of the disease from which all these victims were suffering. Some of the symptoms indicated poisonings; others the form of typhoid fever known as paratyphoid. Laboratory tests, while at the time conclusive, threw the weight of evidence in favor of the latter.

Paratyphoid is a disease presenting all the symptoms and morbid signs of a mild case of typhoid fever. It has been found associated with bacilli closely resembling though differing in some important respects from the bacillus typhosus found in genuine typhoid.

Before the diagnosis was established the various physicians had, by comparing notes, established the surprising fact that each and every one of the women whom this mysterious disease had laid low was at Mrs. Case's house on the afternoon of June 25.

This could hardly be a mere coincidence. Quite plainly the epidemic must have had its origin in some unhealthful influences to which these women were subjected while they were gathered for luncheon at the luxurious Case home on Lakewood avenue. But what could these unhealthful influences have been? What source of infection could possibly be lurking in a house where no expense has been spared to insure physical well-being?

What could have been the nature of the menace that was evidently hovering over Mrs. Case and her guests while they were enjoying this charming social affair?

These were the questions which physicians and health authorities undertook to find out. At first there was an inclination to cast suspicion on the food served at the luncheon, but no ground could be found for any such explanation of the epidemic. The caterer is a man above reproach who uses only the best materials, and serves them in the most hygienic fashion. He had served similar menus at two or three other homes the same day, and in these cases there had been no ill effects. Laboratory tests showed that none of the chefs or waiters was a carrier of paratyphoid bacilli.

The medical experts who were studying the problem were at last forced to the conclusion that Cleveland society numbers among its members a disease carrier like "Typhoid Mary"—a woman who harbors in her system so many of the typhoid or paratyphoid bacilli, or both, that she is constantly spreading infection among those about her.

Such a woman, it is believed, was the "poison guest" at Mrs. Case's party. It was she who spread the germs that attacked Mrs. Case and thirty-seven of her guests and made them dangerously ill.

The direct cause of typhoid and paratyphoid is certain bacilli which medical science easily recognizes. These bacilli are spread through the bodily discharges of sufferers from the disease as well as through persons like "Typhoid Mary" who are in the best of health.

"Typhoid Mary" poisoned those around her with typhoid germs by handling the food which they ate. The "poison guest" at Mrs. Case's party accomplished the same dread result by shaking the hands of or kissing the cheeks of her hostess and her fellow guests.

Thus far there have been two fatalities as a result of the "poison guest's" acceptance of the luncheon invitation—Mrs. Clara Richardson, wife of a prominent business man, and Bonnie Roberts, one of the caterer's waitresses. But a number of the other victims have been at death's door and the recovery of several is still doubtful.

One thing which strengthens the belief in the presence of a "Typhoid Mary" in Cleveland's most exclusive circles is the fact that the time intervening between the ill-fated luncheon party and the start of the epidemic is exactly that usually required for paratyphoid bacilli to develop their harmful possibilities.

All the leading physicians and bacteriologists of Cleveland have been hard at work ever since the epidemic started, trying to explain the mystery of its cause. Among the city health officials who have been actively engaged on the problem are Dr. H. L. Rockwood, health commissioner of Cleveland; Dr. G. B. Morehouse, chief of the city bureau of communicable diseases; Dr. O. H. Way, head of the bacteriological department; Dr. R. C. Roush, chief inspector of food and dairies; and Dr. W. I. Besser, health commissioner of Lakewood, the fashionable suburb where a number of the victims reside.

The fact that no illness followed other luncheon served on the same day by the caterer employed by Mrs. Case, says Health Commissioner Rockwood, "is good proof, I think, that the cause of the trouble does not lie in the food of which the hostess and her guests partook. It seems quite possible that one of the women present was, without herself knowing it, a carrier of the germs which caused the disease."

As in typhoid fever, paratyphoid must come from another cause of the disease. The germs are often transmitted by a person known as a typhoid carrier, of whom New York's "Typhoid Mary" is a well-known example. Such a person must be isolated in order to protect the public, and that is why we are so anxious to find out just who it was who spread the germs that did such harm to Mrs. Case and her guests on the afternoon of June 25.

Everybody remembers the case of the original "Typhoid Mary," whose counterpart is now found in Cleveland. She is the most dangerous germ carrier ever recorded by medical history. Although not ill herself, she carries with her always the means of infecting others.

Her real name is Mary Mallon. When back in 1906 it was discovered that a menace she is to the public health she fled from the New York health authorities, but was finally captured and held a prisoner for three years in the quarantine hospital on North Brother Island in New York harbor.

When finally released it was on her promise not to resume her old occupation of cook, where, of course, the risk of the spread of infection by such a disease carrier is greatest. Five years later a serious outbreak of typhoid fever occurred at the Sloane Hospital for Women in New York. In the effort to learn the cause of this epidemic it was discovered that Mary Mallon had broken her parole and under an assumed name had taken employment in the hospital kitchen.

Again "Typhoid Mary" fled, again she was caught, again she was sent to North Brother Island to prevent her doing further damage.

With the memory of the disastrous results that followed Mrs. Case's luncheon fresh in mind, Cleveland's smart set has temporarily suspended all its social activities. People are reluctant to accept invitations or give them when this involves the almost certain risk of coming in contact with the "poison guest" and contracting the disease that killed Mrs. Richardson and Bonnie Roberts. Balls, receptions and parties of every kind will be abandoned at least until there is time to eliminate every man, woman and child against typhoid.

Vaccination with certain serums which science has devised is the best protection known against the menace of disease carriers like "Typhoid Mary" and the "poison guest" as well as against other ways of contracting typhoid or paratyphoid. The use of these serums in the army and navy during the recent world war practically eliminated the disease. Formerly it took such heavy toll of soldiers and sailors.

But even vaccination will not completely reassure nervous Cleveland society. The fears that have haunted them ever since Mrs. Case and thirty-eight other women came falling ill and dying can be put completely at rest only by discovering the "poison guest" who doubtless is even now rubbing shoulders with them.

Who can find this living menace? Who can point out the "poison guest" who gave to Mrs. Case's merry luncheon party its ghastly aftermath? The detective ability enough to solve this difficult problem will be sure not only of a princely fee but of the eternal gratitude of Cleveland's wealthiest, most fashionable circles.



Miss Catherine Hall, Who Lay for Weeks at the Point of Death After Being Infected with the Germs of Paratyphoid by Mrs. Case's "Poison Guest."

Mrs. George S. Case, the Fashionable Society Leader, Whose Party Had Such a Chasteful Aftermath and Who Was Herself Made Dangerously Ill.

American Soldiers Being Inoculated with Anti-Typhoid Vaccine. It is This Vaccine on Which Cleveland Society Is Now Relying for Protection Against the Still Unknown "Poison Guest" Who Was Responsible for the Present Epidemic.

***Just Like a French Farce in
Real Life Was the Most
Embarrassing Dilemma of
Fashionable Mrs. Phyllis Hare-
Yarrow-Holzeman When
Husband No.1—Just Divorced
for “Extreme Cruelty”—Sat
Among the Astonished Guests***



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The Hope Diamond Mystery — by M



King Louis XVI.

By May Yohé (Lady Francis Hope) CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

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I HAVE often been asked by persons who knew me well enough to admit such curiosity to me how an English lord does his courting. These good friends of mine seemed to think there must be some peculiar way a lord goes about capturing the heart and person of a successful stage star. This question has been asked me so often I am wondering if my readers will not like to know just how Lord Francis courted me.

I have already told how we met, at a dinner in the old Hoffman House, in New York, where Lord Francis, whom I had seen on the street during the same afternoon, was presented to me as plain "Mr." Hope of England.

He sat next to me at this dinner. I had not the slightest idea in the world he was a lord, or rich, or anything else but an average well-bred, courteous and interesting Englishman touring in America. I knew, of course, he must be some one worth while or he would not be a guest of my host that evening, but of his personal history I knew nothing then, nor for some time later.

The Horse Show then was in progress at Madison Square Garden. I told Mr. Hope I intended leaving the dinner party rather early, so I could attend the show, where I was to be the guest of one of the governors. He at once asked me if I would not let him be my escort to the show—he said he had been wanting to go, but had delayed his attendance hoping for pleasant company, which, he said gallantly, I could afford him if I would consent. I was quite charmed with this "Mr." Hope. He was so well poised and talked so entertainingly. He had the rare gift of being able to talk to an actress such as I without thinking it necessary to "talk shop" or "talk down" to her. He talked to me of world affairs, of politics, of society and art just as if I were a person who never had heard of the stage.

I said at once I would be delighted to go with him to the Garden if I could get my mother to consent. I lived with mother not far from the Hoffman House, so about 10 o'clock I sent a messenger to mother with a note asking her if I might attend the show with Mr. Hope whom I had met at the dinner and who seemed to me to be quite nice. Mother sent her consent, and my new acquaintance and I set out in a hansom cab.

I was very enthusiastic over the horses and enjoyed greatly Mr. Hope's discussion of the good and bad points of the most famous animals. He was very attentive to me. Presently I began to notice lozenges from all over the seat tiers turned in my direction. In the boxes near me the splendidly coiffed heads of wealthy society women, matrons of families known throughout the world for their leadership of fashion, were turned upon me with stares that were frank and curious. And here and there I caught boys of friendly recognition to my escort. I thought, of course, these society women, whom I knew only by sight, were just interested in a close-up view of the famous May Yohé, the new star in the theatrical firmament. I was greatly excited about their interest, and talked and laughed about it with my companion. "You are so very beautiful, Miss Yohé," he said smiling. "You are quite well understood anyone's wanting to get a good look at you."

In the next few days Mr. Hope was more and more attentive. He asked if he might not call and pay his respects to my mother, and I gave him the permission readily. Mother liked him very much. I went about with him a great deal, but we seldom visited with or were entertained by mutual friends—just a few cronies of his with whom, I afterwards discovered, he laid a plot which prevented them from telling me who he was.

After a week or so I announced to him my intention of sailing with mother to London, where a number of

The Startling History of This Fascinating Stone, the That Has Followed Its Owners for Fourteen Centuries and the Story of the Ruined Life of May Yohé Who Once Owned It and Wore It.

TO find herself mistress of the palace of an English Duke, with jewels entravelling the jewels of many a crowned head, with London town house, country estates, castles, shooting preserves—would probably fulfill the happiest dreams of millions of American women.

And yet May Yohé, the daughter of a Pennsylvania country dress-maker, had all this in her grasp—AND THERE IT ALL AWAY.

May Yohé, the beloved and petted wife of Lord Francis Hope, was also to share with her husband the added title and still greater estates of the Duke of Newcastle. Was it the malevolent power of the unlucky Hope Diamond that then intervened and blighted her life?

The story of May Yohé's career will be told from week to week in these pages by May Yohé herself. Few plots in drama or fiction equal the extraordinary real life experiences of this remarkable American girl.

And the "curse" of the famous Hope Diamond?

Something, indeed, seemed to cast its sinister shadow over her life and pursued her relentlessly in America, in Asia, throughout Europe and even in South America. May Yohé discusses this famous gem which once was hers, and reveals much of its past history which has not before been made public—history which began with its theft from the sparkling ornaments of the Buddhist idol fourteen hundred years ago and drags its sinister trail down through the centuries to the shocking death of little Vinson Walsh McLean, whose parents now own the "curse" stone.

Just Baptiste Tavernier came into possession of the stone in 1661, stolen from the sacred golden statue of Rama, in the Temple of Rama and Sita, Burmah, India. Tavernier was torn to pieces by wild dogs.

Madame de Montespan, who wore the jewel, was abandoned by the King. Nicholas Fouquet, Intendant of France, who borrowed it for a festive occasion, was executed by order of the King.

Queen Marie Antoinette, who wore it, was beheaded.

The beautiful Princess de Lamballe, who wore it, was torn to pieces by a French mob.

King Louis XVI, who owned it, was beheaded.

Hendrik Fals, the diamond merchant's son, who stole it, was a suicide in London in 1830.

The first the Hope family who bought it suffered a long series of misfortunes, including the death of his favorite son.

Simon Franklin, New York broker, who bought it for \$168,000 in November, 1901, met financial difficulties.

Jacques Colet, another owner, was afflicted with madness and committed suicide.

Prince Ivan Kanitowski, next owner, was killed by revolutionaries.

Lorenz Ladue, to whom he loaned it, was murdered by her lover.

Simon Montherlaid, who sold it to the Sultan Abdul Hamid, was thrown over a precipice while riding with his wife and child; all were killed.

Zubayr, the Sultan's favorite, was killed by her master.

Abdul Hamid paid \$200,000 for the stone. He was dethroned.

Jehver Agha, an official of the Yildiz, attempted to steal the stone and was hanged.

Belim Habib, Persian diamond merchant, who had handled the gem, was drowned.

January 11, 1911, Mrs. Edward B. McLean, of Washington, D. C., bought it, wore it and was sued by Cartier, the jeweler.

In May, 1919, her only child, little Vinson McLean, the "Hundred-Million-Dollar Baby," was crushed to death under an automobile.

Nothing else in all history, nothing in fiction or the drama parallels the extraordinary record of this sinister jewel, which is related for the first time by a remarkable woman whose own life was blighted by its wicked "curse."

This will be told from week to week on this page.

managers wanted to offer to stage new productions for me. "I am going home before you sail," he said, "and I want you and your mother to be my guests in London."

"No, indeed," I replied. "We will have but two thousand dollars or so when we arrive, as I am getting many new gowns made, and we will need every dollar of this to see us through the time of rehearsals or looking about for acceptable contracts. We cannot afford to be guests of anyone." "Well," he said, "you must let me take you around a bit, anyway."

We saw him off at the pier. "His last words were, 'I must be your host anyway—if not for all the time, most of the time.'"

When we arrived we were met by Mr. Hope. He was so glad to see us he really beamed. He held my hand a long time when he greeted me. He said we must come with him to the Savoy, because he was going to insist upon our having dinner with him there that evening. Mother and I looked at each other. The Savoy was one of the most expensive hotels in London. We could not afford to stay there very long, but mother thought it would be nice for us to stop there for a day or two until we had found a cheaper hotel.

That night when we were ushered into the dining room we found that one whole end of the big room had been roped off with silver ropes, and that behind it was a table set for three—decorated so lavishly I almost gasped. London knew I had arrived, and before the dinner was well under way the word got out that May Yohé was at dinner in the Savoy dining room. Soon there was a regular parade of London Johnnies, sticks, silk hats, evening clothes and Inverness capes, marching along the silver ropes in one endless procession.

I was almost hypnotized by the novelty of it when the parade began. I didn't know what it meant until Mr. Hope explained that the London Johnnie was an established institution, and that this was its customary reception to a new idol. It meant, he said, that I was already enthroned in the heart of London and that I would have no trouble in securing advantageous contracts.

The next day Mr. Hope went about with us while we looked for a cheaper hotel. He asked me if he might not be with me when I received the London theatrical managers, who already were showering down upon me requests for interviews. It was when he made this request that he said a thing which set my little heart a-buzzing. "You know, Miss May, I am hoping awfully that you are going to let me have a lot to do with your affairs—perhaps have the same interest in them that you have."

It took my breath away. I looked at him quickly. He was just smiling, a strange, whimsical sort of smile, but there was a very earnest light shining in his eyes. "Why," I said to myself, "this is really a proposal—a sort of clearing the decks for the direct question a little later on. He's just giving me warning, with an Englishman's sportsmanship, so I may throw him aside if I decide not to welcome him further."

"That will be very nice, Mr. Hope—I'm sure," I said. "I got my breath and could trust my voice I just said that." "That will be very nice, Mr. Hope—I'm sure," I said. "I got my breath and could trust my voice I just said that."

We didn't get away from the Savoy that day, and that evening Mr. Hope visited us in our suite. There was a big fireplace in the drawing room, and we, mother and he and I, were grouped in front of this fireplace, talking over the different shows in London, some of which I had seen on this side, and discussing the hundreds of letters that

had come to me from London managers. I remember we were trying to pick the manager we would receive first the next day.

We had promised Mr. Hope we would have supper with him that evening at one of the all-night clubs. It would be well, he said, for me to show myself at one of these clubs, as London's prominent theatrical folk gathered there. As the evening was wearing away there was a tap at the door. Mother opened it and saw it was Mr. Hope's valet. Mr. Hope was stopping then at the same hotel.

The valet said: "May I ask his lordship whether he will wear his Tuxedo or his evening clothes this evening?" Mother stared at him blankly. "Ask 'his lordship'! Lordship who?"

"Lord Francis, madame."

Mother turned toward us breathless. I had heard and was almost stunned. Then my heart gave one big jump. I thought I was dreaming. I looked at our guest. He was looking at me with a sort of quizzical expression and smiling humorously. He spoke to the valet, ordering his evening clothes, and then turned to me again. "Murder will out, oh, Miss May!" You'd have to find it out some day, anyway. Will you care any the less for me now that you know if you keep me you will have to some day be the Duchess of Newcastle?"

I don't know what I would have said if it hadn't been for mother. She dropped into her chair and was looking at Lord Hope with such a comical, "fabergasted" expression, her mouth agape, that we both broke out laughing. "His lordship!" she gasped.

"No, just Francis to you both from now on," said Lord Francis, reaching out for my hand.

He bowed himself out then, to dress. Mother said when the door closed: "Goodness, Maynie, you've caught a lord!"

Of all the plays offered me I liked "The Magic Opal" best, but the managers who wanted to produce it were not very well known and not thought to be financially strong. Lord Francis thought it would be bad judgment to give them my services and prestige unless they were better backed. In a few days he reported to me he had found a way to get me. "The Magic Opal" under the best auspices—he had decided to buy a theatre and have the play staged in his own theatre for me.

"The Magic Opal" went on with a great flourish. By that time all London knew Lord Francis was interested in me, and I had met many well-known men and women. I had selected for my advent a little part—not the principal part at all, but a mere bit that gave me opportunity only to sing one song. I was featured, of course, and in my little part made a great "hit." It had just one song, "Many and Many a Weary Mile," and this song at once became the rage of London. I was justified in my decision to appear first in a small part by the attitude of the London critics, who at once began to rail at the management of the theatre for not giving me more to do. "The public wants May Yohé," said the critics, "and must have more of her." So I had planned cleverly.

After three months I was starred in "Christopher Columbus." In this piece was the song "Honey, Mah Honey," which became my greatest success. The first night when I sang the last word of the first verse of this number the pit and the gallery rose to their feet together with one long, loud cheer. I have heard it was the wildest demonstration ever seen in a British theatre. Men in the pit threw pocketbooks onto the stage; the women tore off jeweled rings and diamond tiaras and threw them at my feet. Down from the gallery came fluttering

that rarest of tributes—a shower of programmes—which meant the gallery

"gods" were satisfied with whatever else was to come, now that I had captured them. I sang "Honey, Mah Honey" over and over again. Soon the whole gallery was whistling it with me. Women in the pit joined in with their high, timid voices, waving fans and handkerchiefs in rhythm with the lilting swing of the refrain. For many a day there was no theatrical talk in all London in which May Yohé and her song and the hit she had made were not the principal subjects.

Lord Francis one Saturday night took me up to his shooting box for a stay over Sunday. It was after we returned that our engagement was formally announced. But few people really ever knew just what Lord Francis and I agreed upon that Sunday at his shooting box.

He asked me if I would be angry with him if he asked me to marry him in a peculiar way. I assured him I would not be—always remembering, I added, "that I may refuse."

His peculiar proposal was that we have a "probation" marriage for five months. If at the end of the five months I still loved him we would be married formally. If by that time I had found him wanting and had grown tired of him, or found someone I liked better, I could leave and forget him.

"And will you be bound by the same privilege—that if you are disappointed in me you will withdraw on your part?" I asked him. He agreed, and so while we merely announced our engagement to the public, to a small group of intimate friends we announced also that we were going to begin living together that very day.

We were supremely happy. I took a beautiful house a little way out from the city, and here Lord Francis came to be husband and suitor at the same time. My eighteenth birthday came along during the five month period. Lord Francis came into my boudoir that night while I was preparing to retire, with his hat on. I looked at him astonished. "Don't you like to see me with my hat on?" he asked. "Then come take it off." I suspected a joke of some kind, and sure enough when I lifted off his hat there was a red leather case resting on top of his head. It was my birthday gift—a string of gorgeous pear-shaped pearls for which he had paid \$350,000 to a famous jeweler, who had scoured Europe for the perfectly matched gems.

That necklace was my Aladdin's lamp. After that jewels showered upon me from every corner of the globe so many that the rarest and most costly of gems were the commonest things in my life.

During this "probation" period Lord Francis was as careful in his attention to me as if he were, indeed, just a suitor for my hand. He was with me constantly, and took me everywhere. His kisses never lost their warmth. We never spoke of our being together as we were as a

Lady Francis Hope — the fashion do w of the dream in i that really had lady and half at

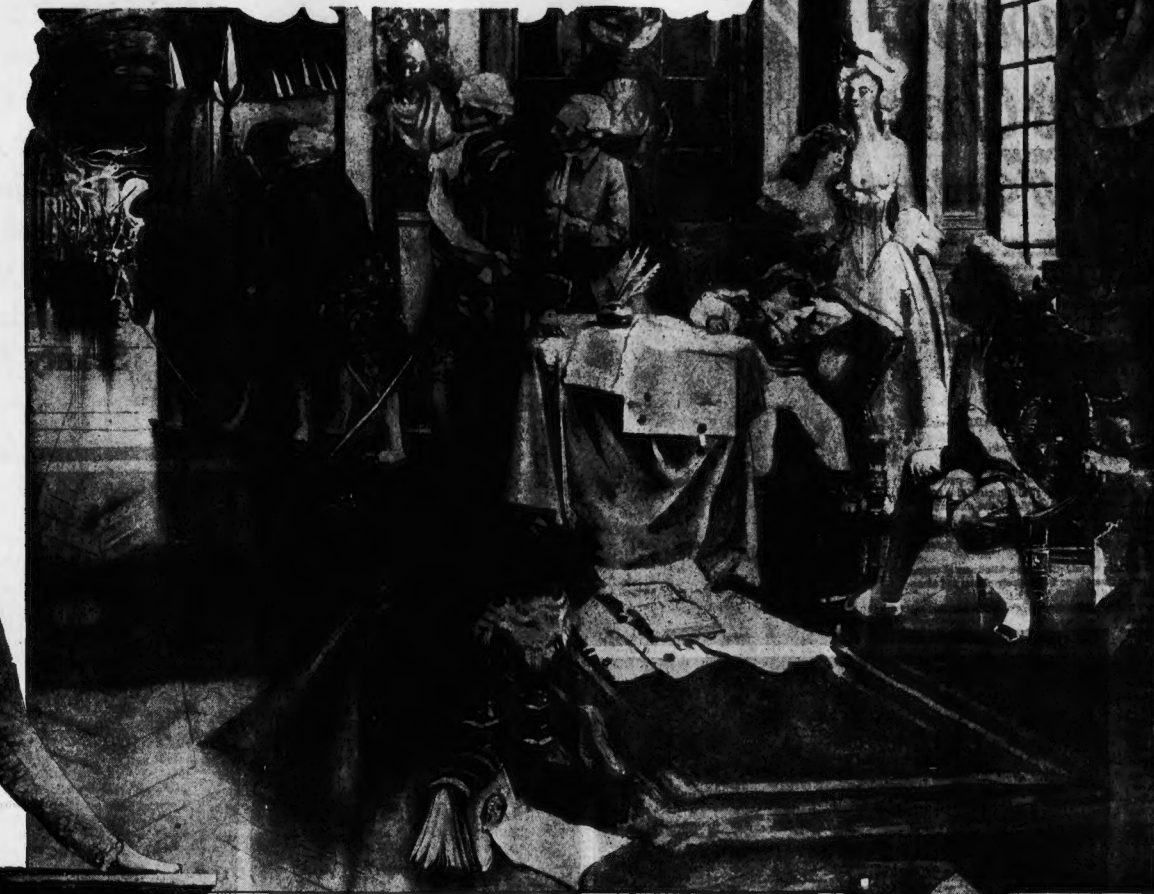
May Yohe (Lady Francis Hope)

"Curse"
eries
ade



May Yohe) in her gown for the Ascot races.

at a certain five months that expired this morning." was shocked. "I had forgotten all about the passing time. We seemed to have been children in a lover's n forever. "And what has Hampstead to do with I asked. "I have arranged for a quiet wedding there in the y at noon." I course the other engagements were cancelled. Lord dis-missed a few of our closest friends and we ent down to Hampstead. If there was any change ord Francis after that noon time it was only now he had become in sight of all the world my truly husband. And for me—well, now I was May, on the way to becoming one of the proudest richest duchesses in the British empire, mistress of a score of wonderful castles and palaces—the Mayie "Honey, Mah Honey" transformed into a peeress of



French Revolutionists tramping along the palace corridor to arrest King Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. From painting by Flameng.

the realm and a prospective Her Grace!

Of course it was not long after Lord Francis and I became everything to each other that I learned of the great collection of Hope jewels, in point of individual excellence and purity of its different gems the most remarkable assortment of jewels in the world. Lord Francis did not, for a time, show them all to me, but he did bring out to the house one evening for my inspection the huge "blue Diamond." I shall never forget the strange, weird thoughts that fascinated me that night as I held in my hands for the first time this beautiful gem. Lord Francis remarked with amusement that I gave him the same sort of feeling Louis XVI. must have had when that last of the royal Bourbon owners of the diamond saw it upon his Queen, Marie Antoinette.

I remember now that a sort of shudder came over me then—a feeling of depression. But I shook it off; it seemed so silly. But there was, after all, something prophetic about that reminder of Louis XVI. at that moment. Lord Francis has not been executed; neither have I—but Lord Francis came to grief, lost his great estates and was forced into bankruptcy, and I came to the saddest grief that can befall a woman.

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Even after the exposure of Cardinal Rohan and the discovery of the base motives which prompted him to give the Blue Diamond to his Queen, Louis would not permit his ministers to return the gem to him, but ordered that it be kept with his other jewels. Often he would send his valet to his chamber for this particular gem and toy with it, much as had his ancestor, Louis XIV. Frequently he insisted that Marie Antoinette wear it at a ball in the Tuilleries, little caring that each time it appeared around the royal neck the gossip and critics of the court found new material for their attack upon the royal family—the Queen for her extravagances and frivolities and the King for his subservience to the willfulness of Marie.

Events moved fast after the Blue Diamond came into Louis' possession. At the behest of his Queen he dissolved the Parliaments. The people rose in their first tumult of revolution. He was deprived of much of his executive power. In a few months the King found it necessary to run away from Paris and take refuge in a retreat far outside the city.

Persuaded by his Ministers to return to the Tuilleries, Louis and Marie Antoinette at last were seized by the mob, which invaded the palace, and dragged away, with their children, to the Temple, where, although still King and Queen, the heads of the state, they virtually were prisoners. On January 21, 1793, Louis was taken in a common cart through the assembled mobs of Paris to the Place de la Louis XV., and there his head was struck off by the guillotine. There had been a brief farcical examination before an illegal tribunal, which was dominated by the infamous Robespierre.

Former Kings of France had been buried with great state ceremonies. Periods of mourning lasting weeks had been declared throughout the kingdom. The death of Louis XVI. was, however, made the occasion of general jollification. His headless body was taken to the cemetery of the Madeleine and quicklime was thrown into the grave. Nine months later Queen Marie Antoinette herself was taken to the guillotine. I wonder if there were not many spectators of these two tragedies who wished that the Blue Diamond with which the chronicles of the Bourbons had already associated so many catastrophes had never returned to the royal family after its disappearance with Louis XIV.

The crown jewels were sent to the Garde Meuble, having been seized by the Jacobin Commune. After several months many of these jewels were missed, among them the Blue Diamond. It was found later by some dishonest revolutionists among the effects of Marat, the Communist, who was assassinated by Charlotte Corday. Marat had stolen the gem from the Garde Meuble, and it was in turn stolen from him by the ruffians who went through his effects after his assassination was discovered. Years later the gem was found, as I have told before, in the hands of a pauper in London, after passing through the hands of the diamond cutters in Belgium. I shall tell at another time how the diamond came into possession of Thomas Henry Hope, the maternal ancestor of my husband, Lord Francis.

That night when Lord Francis let me fondle for the first time the Hope Diamond and told me something of its history he told me, too, of the other gems in the Hope collection—all of which were soon to be mine.

There are in the Hope collection about 750 specimens of individual gems. In settings and mountings about two hundred more stones, mostly diamonds, pearls and forty-eight pearls, sixty-two rough diamonds, fifty cut diamonds, nineteen Oriental rubies, sixteen spinelles and ruby balais, thirty-two sapphires, six Oriental topazes, twelve emeralds, one eucase, twenty aquamarines and beryl, ten serpens, eleven hyacinths, twenty chrysoberyls and chrysoberyls, thirty garnets, twenty-two topazes, twenty-nine tourmalines, three water sapphires, fifty-three



The recently discovered knife which cut off the head of Queen Marie Antoinette at the guillotine.

opals, seven peridots, thirty-one amethysts, eight turquoise, twelve onyx and sardonyx, five sunstones, four aventurines, eight moonstones, two cat's-eyes, eight chrysoprases, three lapides laulis, four specimens of stones unnamed, eighty-six agates and rock crystals and fifteen unclassified specimens.

Of course my marriage to Lord Francis caused a great stir in London society. My first social appearance was at a house party where the Prince of Wales, afterward Edward VII., was a guest. Naturally the most prominent society women of Britain were there also. Lord Francis was very proud of me, but those austere women decided to "teach me my place." It was a Christmas season party. During the afternoon a very haughty woman, a Duchess who was known as one of the arbiters of London society, passed near me while I was speaking with the Prince. She stopped and obtained the Prince's permission to speak to me. "May I ask, Lady May, what your Johnny gave you for Christmas?" she said to me, with a most contemptuous sneer.

I turned to the Prince. "Have I your permission, sir, to reply?" I asked him. He merely nodded his head. Then, turning my look full upon the dowager's face, I replied:

"Many beautiful things, your grace. And now may I inquire what all your Johnnies gave you?" The Prince burst out laughing. From that day on that dowager Duchess was ridiculed in all London society and I, poor little me, was lionised.

(To be Continued Next Sunday)

"Immodesty in Dress Ruinous to Woman's Charm" says Lady Duff Gordon

LADY DUFF GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with the center of fashion. Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

By Lady Duff-Gordon.

"What are little girls made of
Sugar and spice and everything nice—
That's what little girls are made of."

SO runs the nursery rhyme. But alas! in these curious and upset days it would seem that both little girls and big girls are just set upon disproving the truth of the old rhyme.

I am speaking of the truly extraordinary and deplorable mania for scantiest clothing that now obsesses so many women, and I do not wonder at the outcry against these immodest fashions.

But what I do wonder at mightily is the blindness of women in deliberately wooing disaster so far as their charm and allurements are concerned.

Personally I do not think the display of what is beautiful can ever be anything but good. That which is truly beautiful has in it all vibrations of good and no vibrations of evil—how could it have true beauty in harmony? But alas! again, so few women are so truly and wholly beautiful. And then being so, to display, as so many are doing, not beauty, but ugliness, is not only outrageously immodest, but wicked.

I know that it is urged that Eve, our first mother, was never burdened with many clothes. I have had some women actually point to this as a justification for their own undress. But what they forget is that Eve came fresh from the hands of her Creator and must have been, therefore, a thing of perfect beauty. Through the manifold ages woman has, in her multiplication, departed from the original ideal—a penalty no doubt of the succumbing to the temptation in Eden and one of the consequences of punishment.

And so the plain facts are that we no longer live in the Garden; that costumes eminently harmonious for the first mother are not harmonious with our environment of today; and that many women would do well to look over upon this situation, and making the best of what they have, hide those blemishes which only dress can make the best of.

The real wrong is not in the scantiness of the garments, but in many of their revelations. The tiny backs, the flat chests, the none too beautiful skin, the unshapely arms and legs! The deliberate discovery to myriads of heretofore happy idealists that little girls are not "made of sugar and spice and everything nice."

What women must realize is that the so-called immodest fashions are ruinous to their charm.

The art of dress has a three-fold purpose—to enhance and to display points of beauty of a woman, to diminish and hide her disarmonies, and finally to create by a blended harmony in dress and woman the reality of beauty. Whenever the art of dress transgresses any of these points it becomes bad art—ruinous both to itself and to its subject.

There enters into it a fourth factor—mystery. Essential to woman's allure and charm is the veil that half hides her from the world, stimulating the imagination to fancy for itself the harmonies that it may hide. Always has the mind of man dwelt upon this mystery—the veil of Isis covering her supernal beauties; throughout the ages men's goddesses have been veiled.

As Fontenelle, the French philosopher, puts it: "Modesty in women has two special advantages—it enhances beauty and veils unbecomings." The definition is just as applicable to fashion and dress. And Bulwer Lytton says: "Wrap thyself in the decent veil that the arts and graces weave for thee, O human nature! It is only the statue of marble whose nakedness the eye can behold without shame and offense."

And Sir John Suckling, in his immortal description of the bride, crystallizes this mystery of unbecomings thus: "Her feet beneath her petticoat Like little mice steal in and out As if they feared the light."

Sings Herrick: "A sweet disorder in the dress kindles and discloses a wantonness." But one must have more clothes than so much being worn nowadays to have enough material to create any "sweet disorder."

"Man, know thyself!" said Socrates; and "Woman, study and know thyself!" ought to be the maxim for every one who wears a dress. What is the sense in being the slave to the decree of some mode if that mode makes you look ugly? There is no woman's face nor body that cannot be improved by proper draping. But the woman must know what her good and bad points

A Charming Dress Designed by Lady Duff-Gordon, Which Shows What She Thinks the Safe Extreme of Decolletee—and Only Safe if the Arms and Neck of the Wearer Are Beautiful and the Skin Pleasant to Look Upon ("Lucile" Model.)

are; must have the strength of will to resist this foolish urge of "fashion," and look upon herself as an individual whose duty it is to intelligently select the style of clothing in which she will look her best. All else is not only nonsense, but wicked destruction of whatever charm she has. Is there any reason in the world why a woman should make herself a grotesque?

I look upon the human body as a symphony. It is more than line and curve and tint. All these should blend into a perfect melody. The eyes, their color, their clarity and their brightness are like a theme running through the symphony. So it is of the hair; the curve of the shoulders and so on and so on.

The art of dress strives to combine with this symphony of flesh and blood another symphony of silks and cloths, beads of glass and all the manifold articles of the costume. Now, if there is in this symphony of the body a jarring note, a disharmonious phrase, it is the duty of dress to overlay it with notes that do not jar, or to transmute it into harmony.

And the maker of that symphony which I call dress must always realize that it is not the true purpose of the art of fashion to make a woman subordinate to her clothes—merely a clothes-horse for a creation! The true purpose is to create something which will enhance her charm and beauty.

The dress should be the servant of its wearer and never the wearer the servant of the dress! And this is the first lesson for the woman who earnestly seeks to know herself. She must study her weak points

"What Is the Sense of Being Slaves to Fashions That Only Reveal Your Uglinesses?" Asks the Foremost Creator of Dress, Pointing Out the Perils of the Present Mania for Scandalously Scanty Clothing



"Draperies of half-revealing veils enhance the mystery and resolve the truth of at least some of this undulating and untraditional opinion of their charms. Because, ever since Eve was the first model, women have devoted an astonishing amount of their ingenuity and time to the fashioning of clothes. Does not this ancient and universal practice clearly prove that women realize, perhaps more than man, that the nude human body is not beautiful?—if it made clothes to cover its nakedness?"

With all this "earthly agree," there is yet a serious thing about the body and "erect," however. The entirely naked body is not "erect" rule not immodest. It may have points of ugliness, but the absence of any "erect"ing strips it from suggestion in anything. And the fully clothed body never has suggestion of immodesty. But there is a point in the art of decreasing clothes and increasing nudity which is extraordinarily suggestive. The statue of Venus de Milo is only a dream of beauty. But the statue of Venus de Milo with a hat upon it, or with a pair of stockings, or even with a corset, becomes a shocking object.

And beside the first and main point of the revelation of blemishes women would do well to remember this also—and out their cloth, literally, accordingly.

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And this is the first lesson for the woman who earnestly seeks to know herself. She must study her weak points

By
DAVID WHITELAW

CHAPTER XV²²

"This man here must never tell his tale. You hear me, Haverton—must—never—tell—his—tale."

The candle burnt steadily and threw out patches of ochre light through the panes of the lantern on to the flags of the floor. He estimated that it would take perhaps six hours for it to burn itself out, and he did not care to dwell on what his situation would be then. His bonds just allowed him to reach the water and biscuits beside him, but any big movement was denied him, the cords which bound his feet being in some manner, which he could not see, made fast to the floor.

what his situation would be. His bonds just allowed him to drink the water and biscuits but any big movement would hurt him, the cords which were fastened to his feet being in some manner so tight that he could not see, made his feet touch the floor.

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Escape

what his situation would be. His bonds just allowed him to reach the water and biscuits beside him, but any big movement was deadly to him, the cords which bound his feet being in some manner, which he could not see, made fast to the floor.

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Pussywillow
 Face Powder
 and
 Talc de luxe



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 through
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